

Enter Brutus and Scioinus.

Brut. All tongues speake of him, and the bleared fights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling Nurse
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,
While she chats him: the Kitchen *Malkin* pinnes
Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earnestnesse to see him: feld-showne Flamins
Doe presse among the popular Throngs, and puffe
To winne a vulgar station: our veyld Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton spoyle
Of *Phobus* burning Kisses: such a poother,
As if that whatsoeuer God, who leades him,
Were slyly crept into his humane powers,
And gaue him gracefull posture.

Scioin. On the suddaine, I warrant him Confull.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe.

Scioin. He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors,
From where he should begin, and end, but will
Lose those he hath wonne.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Scioin. Doubt not.

The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the least cause, these his new Honors,
Which that he will giue them, make I as little question,
As he is proud to doo't.

Brutus. I heard him sweare,
Were he to stand for Confull, neuer would he
Appeare i'th' Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Vesture of Humilitie,
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth' People, begge their stinking Breaths.

Scioin. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:

Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,
But by the suite of the Gentry to him,
And the desire of the Nobles.

Scioin. I wish no better, then haue him hold that purpose, and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis most like he will.

Scioin. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure destruction.

Brutus. So it must fall out

To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the People, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that to's power he would
Haue made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders,
And dispropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fittest for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand
Onely for bearing Burthens, and fore blowes
For sinking vnder them.

Scioin. This (as you say) suggested,
At some time, when his soaring Insolence
Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,
If he be put vpon't, and that's as easie,
As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for euer.

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* shall be Confull:
I haue seene the dumbe men throng to see him,
And the blind to heare him speake: Matrons fling Gloues,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Ioues* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I neuer saw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the euent.

Scioin. Haue with you.

Exeunt.

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were,
in the Capitoll.

1. Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many
stand for Consulships?

2. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of euery one,
Coriolanus will carry it.

1. Off. That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance
proud, and loues not the common people.

2. Off. Faith, there hath bene many great men that
haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there
be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore:
so that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon
no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to
care whether they loue, or hate him, manifests the true
knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his Noble
carelesnesse lets them plainly see't.

1. Off. If he did not care whether he had their loue, or
no, hee waued indifferently, twixt doing them neyther
good, nor harme: but hee seekes their hate with greater
deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing
vndone, that may fully discouer him their opposite. Now
to seeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the People,
is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for
their loue.

2. Off. Hee hath deserued worthily of his Countrey,
and his assent is not by such easie degrees as those, who
hauing bene supple and courteous to the People, Bon-
netted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into
their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planted his
Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that
for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much,
were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwise,
were a Mallice, that giuing it selfe the Lye, would plucke
reprooffe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it.

1. Off. No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make
way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of
the People, Lit'ors before them: *Coriolanus*, *Mene-
nius*, *Cominius* the Confull: *Scioinus* and *Brutus*
take their places by themselves: *Corio-
lanus* stands.

Mene. Hauing determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for *Titus Lartius*: it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

To

To gratifie his Noble seruice, that hath
Thus stood for his Countrey. Therefore please you,
Most reuerend and graue Elders, to desire
The present Confull, and last Generall,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

1. Sen. Speake, good *Cominius*:
Leave nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our states defectiue for requittall,
Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th' People,
We doe request your kindest eares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what passes here.

Scioin. We are conuented vpon a pleasing Treatie, and
haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame
of our Assembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee shall be blest to doe, if
he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath
hereto priz'd them at.

Mene. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had
been silent: Please you to heare *Cominius* speake?

Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was
more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it.

Mene. He loues your People, but yet him not to be
their Bed-fellow: Worthie *Cominius* speake.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit *Coriolanus*: neuer shame to heare
What you haue Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:

I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare say how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet off,

When blowes haue made me stay, I fled from words.
You tooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh--

Mene. Pray now sit downe.

Corio. I had rather haue one scratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were strucke, then idly sit
To heare my Nothings monster'd.

Exit *Coriolanus*

Mene. Masters of the People,

Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?

That's thousand to one good one, when you now see

He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,

Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus* no
Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,

That Valour is the chiefeft Vertue, as of all
And most dignifies the haue: if it be,

The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be singly counter-poy's'd. At sixteene yeeres,

When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,

Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shine he droue

The brizled Lipps before him: he bestrid
An o're-prest Roman, and i'th' Confulls view

Slew three Opposers: *Tarquin* selfe he met,
And struke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,

When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd best man i'th' field; and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age

Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of seuentene Battails since,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last,
Before, and in *Corioles*, let me say
I cannot speake him home: he stopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before
A Vessell vnder sayle, so men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe,
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whose euery motion
Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th' Citie, which he painted
With shunlesse destinie: aydelesse came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement stricke
Carioles like a Planer: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His readie sence: then straight his doubled spirit
Requickned what in flesh was fatigued,
And to the Battaille came he, where he did
Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer stood
To ease his Brest with panting.

Mene. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with measure fit the Honors
which we deuise him.

Com. Our spoyle he kickt at,
And look'd vpon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he couets lesse
Then Miserie it selfe would giue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Mene. Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter *Coriolanus*.

Mene. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make
thee Confull.

Corio. I doe owe them still my Life, and Seruices.

Mene. It then remaines, that you doe speake to the
People.

Corio. I doe beseech you,
Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds sake, to giue their sufferage:
Please you that I may passe this doing.

Scioin. Sir, the People must haue their Voyces;
Neyther will they bate one jot of Ceremonie.

Mene. Put them not too't:
Pray you goe fit you to the Custome,

And take to you, as your Predecessors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I shall blush in acting;
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th'vntaking Skarres, which I should hide;
As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely.

Mene. Doe not stand vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribanes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Confull
Wish we all Ioy, and Honor.

Senat. To